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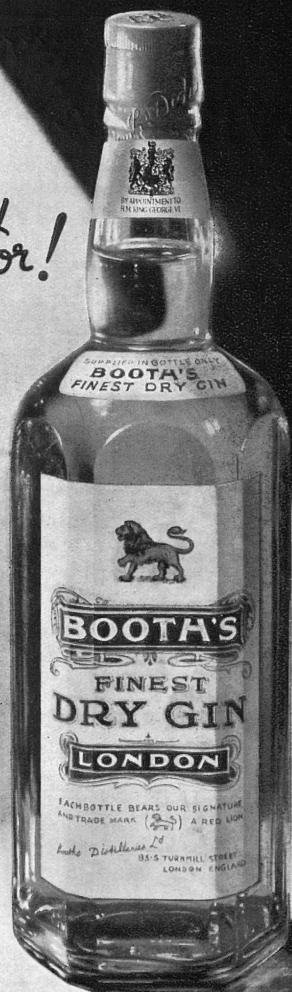


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Eric Ager, Northampton

This Week's Royal Birthday

Prince William, seen here with his parents, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, was born a year ago on December 18. Four months after the birth of his son, the Duke of Gloucester left this country on a tour during which he covered 42,000 miles, visited a dozen countries in three continents, a hundred military centres, and saw several hundred thousand troops. The Duke, who is a Lieutenant-General, was Chief Liaison Officer to the B.E.F. in France, and later to the Home Forces. He has recently given up his full-time duties with the Army at the request of the King, to enable him to take a greater share in the official duties of the Royal Family, duties in which the Duchess also takes a very large part. She is an Air Commandant in the W.A.A.F.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Confidence

UNDOUBTEDLY General Montgomery is a remarkable man. Few soldiers would have committed themselves so completely in advance of a battle as he did before El Agheila. He told the world that he was going to beat Rommel, and roll him and his forces out of Africa. Such expressions of self-confidence are usual with General Montgomery and will come as no surprise to those who know him and have served with him in the Army. He is a tough, wiry little man with a steel-like brain. He does not commit himself unless he is sure. All the same he is the different type of Briton, the type which must confuse friend and foe. There is nothing of the retiring and modest Briton about General Montgomery. He knows most of the tricks of propaganda as well as fighting. As he himself declared, the battle is a matching of wits of the commanders, his wits against Rommel's. What most people must have appreciated in his statement before the battle was his tribute to the morale and fighting power of the Eighth Army. There's no doubt that he has fired his men with his confidence, determination and tenacity. I believe General Montgomery will have a lot to do with the final defeat of the Axis in Africa.

Tunisian Trouble

I AM in full agreement with those who believe that if any public disappointment is felt about the slowness of General Anderson's campaign in Tunisia it is primarily due to the publicity arrangements. Few full accounts of the campaign have been allowed to come out from the headquarters of the United Nations' command. There was no early explanation of the problems which General Anderson would have to face in his forced march to

meet the enemy at Tunis and Bizerta. Not until the campaign had begun to hang fire was it explained that it had not been possible to establish adequate air bases.

The result of this failure to keep the public informed has been unfortunate. At one stage the impression got abroad that the Allied forces were in trouble, whereas in fact they were not. General Anderson's Army is fully equipped and backed with adequate reserves. There is little doubt that the United Nations have a bigger and better air force in Africa than Hitler can muster. But it is still true that an air force is the least mobile of all forces. To move an air force and to establish bases requires time and considerable transport. This has been the real trouble in Tunisia, but it was never properly explained. Responsibility for this failure must rest with General Eisenhower. It is strange that an American commander should be so determined in his repression of news. It is a fact, however, that American commanders in all parts of the world insist on strong censorship control. Censorship in the United States is much more strict than in this country. It may be that they have not yet had the experience we have had, and that eventually they will relax their rules.

Darlan Dilemma

GENERAL CATROUX's denunciation of Admiral Darlan brought this problem to a climax. In many important places the fears expressed by General Catroux have been shared and are now being expressed. To make use of Admiral Darlan at the opening of the North African campaign was a wise military expediency. Almost all people are in agreement with this view. But since then Admiral Darlan has been allowed to entrench himself far too strongly,

and there must be an upheaval. Obviously public opinion in this country and in the United States, as well as in Occupied Territories, will have to be placated. As Mr. Wendell Willkie has said, the way in which the United Nations achieve victory will make the pattern of the peace. If Admiral Darlan is to be allowed to wield political power after his days of collaboration with Hitler, there's going to be no safety for anybody.

Mr. Churchill has been careful in his public utterances to place responsibility for success or failure of the campaign in North Africa on the United States Government. He has described himself as President Roosevelt's willing lieutenant. But this does not relieve the British Government of any part of the responsibility for the decisions in North Africa. Nor can public opinion in this country be ignored by Whitehall or Washington. It would be a sorry state of affairs if our future were to be governed entirely by the State Department in Washington without regard to what people might feel in this country. When all is said and done the British people have borne bravely a heavy burden in this war. We did not face the dangers after Dunkirk alone to be ignored.

American Production

MR. DONALD NELSON has had to admit the disappointment in the results achieved in American war production. There has been in recent weeks a drop, but those who have lately been in Washington say that this should not be taken too seriously. America has not yet got into her full war stride. Factories planned when the United States entered the war twelve months ago and plant laid down have not yet begun to produce. When they do, in the spring of next year, there will be a massive increase in American production. At the moment America is still working on the programmes laid down early in 1941. Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Britain's Minister of Production, has publicly pledged his faith in the future war production of the United States. His mission to Washington was for the purpose of dove-tailing British and American production. Indications are that his efforts were very successful. Although we are in the fourth year of our war effort our peak production has not yet been reached. It is expected to do so towards the end of next year.



Some of Those Who Were at a Recent Investiture

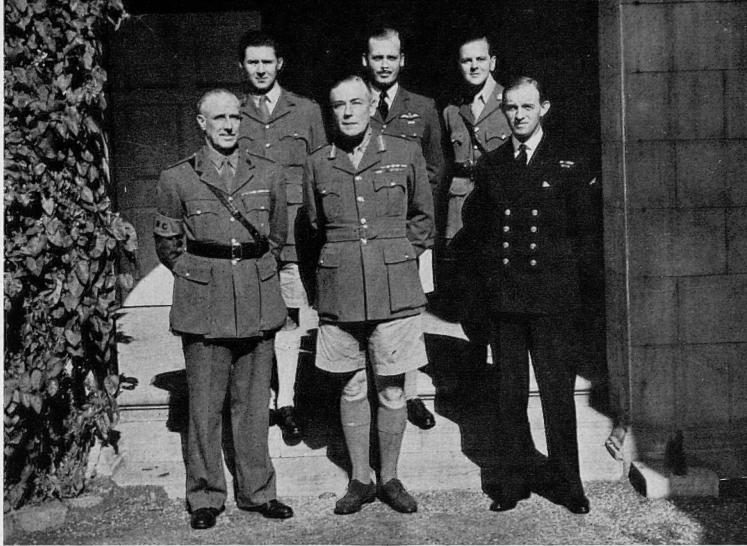
Squadron-Leader E. D. Griffiths is one of seven brothers, all serving in the Forces. He is the son of the Rev. E. Griffiths, Rural Dean of Lewes, and Mrs. Griffiths, who went to the investiture at Buckingham Palace with him, when he was decorated with the D.S.O.

Squadron-Leader W. S. Fielding Johnson won the M.C. in the last war, and now at fifty he has been decorated again with the D.F.C. for "outstanding keenness and courage." His wife, with him here, meanwhile runs three farms at Compton Bassett, and has five sons, all in the Services.



After the Surrender of Manakara

Brigadier W. A. Dimoline, Lt.-Colonel Collins and Major General Smallwood, G.O.C. and Chief Military Administrator, were photographed after the surrender to Allied Forces of Manakara, a small port in Madagascar, when a contingent of the King's African Rifles presented arms to the newly hoisted tricolour flag



The Governor of Gibraltar and His Staff

Lieut.-General F. N. Mason MacFarlane succeeded Lord Gort as Governor of Gibraltar this year. Previously he has held Staff appointments in France, India and England, was with the B.E.F. in 1939-40, and in 1941 headed the British Military Mission to Russia. In front in the picture, are Major R. M. Shephard Capurro, O.B.E., Lieut.-General Mason MacFarlane and Commander C. Brown, D.S.O., and behind: Major J. K. Quayle, R.A., Squadron-Leader A. K. Gatward, D.F.C., and Capt. D. C. Woodward

Personal Tribute

GROWING tributes have been paid to the Marquess of Linlithgow whose term as Viceroy has been extended for a second period. The tributes came not only from this country but also from responsible Indians. Undoubtedly Lord Linlithgow has fulfilled this mighty task with great skill and conscientiousness. It was at the Prime Minister's special request that he agreed to serve a further six months and undergo another hot season in India. Mr. Churchill had no difficulty in asking Lord Linlithgow to make this personal sacrifice, for the Viceroy had indicated his willingness in advance if it was not possible to nominate his successor immediately. Although there has been a lot

of gossip about those who are said to have been approached to become Viceroy, it is a fact that only one person was formally invited. This was Lord Cranborne, son and heir of the Marquess of Salisbury. He was ready to go to India, but first sought medical advice. His doctors said that they did not think it would be wise for him to do so. This was a blow to Mr. Churchill. Other persons were considered for the post, but no formal invitations were made.

General Election

AT one time the issue of new identity cards to provide for the "not inconceivable prospect" of a General Election would have caused a flurry at Westminster. Not a few people were demanding a General Election for their own special reasons. Even the Prime Minister was believed at one time to favour a wartime appeal to the nation. With passing months, however, this idea has been dropped. As things are at present it seems to me unlikely that we shall have a General Election. Neither the Conservative nor the Labour Party machines are ready. Obviously after the war there will have to be a General Election. As it will not be possible to compile a register of voters quickly, the identity card will be the best means available.

Beveridge Plan

WHENEVER the General Election is held, there can be no question that the burning issue will be social security. Sir William Beveridge's report has set most people talking, but it is causing the political parties to think very hard. Major Thomas Dugdale, Chairman of the Conservative Party, was the first to indicate where Conservatives might stand on this issue. He praised the report and Sir William Beveridge so highly as if indicating that his party are likely to steal the Labour Party's thunder by adopting the proposals as they stand. This is where the Labour Party have been caught napping. Actually, most young Conservatives are desperately keen to devise a definite programme of post-war reconstruction proposals. They realise that after the war those who have fought for us will demand something more real than promises.

Gift

LORD ASTOR's gift to the nation of Cliveden, his stately home on the banks of the Thames, is a great gesture. In the years before the war Cliveden attained a political notoriety which echoed round the world. This notoriety was not justified save for the fact that Lord and Lady Astor managed to gather around them men and women of all nationalities and talents. Theirs was an open house for free discussion, but political opponents tried to make out that it was a hive of intrigue. The fact is that Lady Astor remains one of the most vital women in the political life of any country. She knows no restraints, nor are there any limits to her open-heartedness and desire to do good.



Father and Son Decorated

For distinguished services during the withdrawal from Greece, Commander Kenneth Michell, M.V.O., D.S.C., R.N., received the D.S.O. and a Bar to his D.S.C. His son, Lieut. R. Michell, who made the first torpedo hit on the "Bismarck," received the D.S.C. Mrs. Kenneth Michell is with them



The Duchess of Kent sees W.R.N.S. at Work

While visiting the W.R.N.S. at Portsmouth recently, the Duchess of Kent, the Commandant, saw girls busy at engineering and maintenance work, and talked to many of them. She saw large detachments of the Force on parade, and took the salute as they marched past

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The Films of the Year

By James Agate

SHALL we, reader, in the good old Christmas fashion, review the films of 1942? Very well then—I here and now willingly admit that I remember almost nothing of them. I have a vague recollection of Leslie Howard being very busy as Leslie Howard. Of Jean Gabin being very much Jean Gabin. Of Humphrey Bogart shooting his way out of more difficulties than he has got into. Of something about a stag. Of Welsh miners singing nostalgic hymns. Of half-a-dozen sailors clinging to a raft. And of a larger proportion than ever of films about aeroplanes. About what is known as the art of the cinema I cannot recall a single gloomy example.

THIS defective memory means, of course, that once again we must have recourse to our scrapbooks. And I should like to say that the film critic who pretends to differentiate from memory between the cinema-fodder of Mesdames Colbert, Lamarr and Lamour is just telling taradiddles. I suppose there are experts who by long practice can distinguish Cary Grant from Gary Cooper and vice versa, just as there are gifted creatures who can tell you straight off which is Miss Oomph and which is Miss Goomph. I can't. The best I can do about the two actors I have just named is to distinguish both from Clark Gable. What I most certainly cannot do is to disentangle any one of their films from all the others. In my mind is a composite spectacle of the raw but sincere backwoodsman making good in a Tuxedo. However, I have no doubt that as I turn over the year's cuttings I shall begin to warm up, and that the goddess of memory will come to my aid. Let me do the handsome thing and confess that this year I have enjoyed myself very much at the pictures, thank you. And that

whatever I may say about them, they are, and I hope always will be, one of the minor joys of my life.

AND now for a dip into the lucky bag. January seems to have been a skater's month, with Mesdames Sonja Henie and Greta Garbo both cavorting and coquetting on the ice. Also *Sullivan's Travels* which had good moments and a fine piece of acting by Joel McCrea. February was uneventful. March ushered in that endless flurry of aeronautic films which has snowed us under ever since; also that delicious comedian W. C. Fields in some rubbish called *What a Man!* The April films were very bad except for a marvellous performance by Mickey Rooney in *Babes on Broadway*. I hate quoting myself, but I am tempted to risk it:—

"... There is no doubt to my mind that within strict limits Mickey is a great actor. He can keep still. He can listen. He can let you know what is going on in his mind without pulling faces. He has geniality. ... And he has the one quality by which all great actors are known, that you can't keep your eyes off him."

But to continue our quest. May told us how green was our valley and how black was our face: what else it told us I know not, as some maniac has cut four articles out of my scrapbook and left me nothing before June 17, where I encounter for the first time the union of that talented boy Alan Ladd and the not-quite-so-talented girl Veronica Lake.

JULY brings a gifted kid called Stanley Clements in a foolish film called *Right to the Heart*. And on the same day my admired Ginger Rogers in a lovely bit of satire called *Roxie Hart*. I imagine that Roxie will be the

year's most favoured film heroine of the crowds at the Swiss Cottage Oidium and others. This month seems to have had its points, as it also brought *Broadway* with George Raft, a first-class entertainment, and *The Young Mr. Pitt*, an outstanding British film with a superb performance, so they tell me, of Charles James Fox by Robert Morley.

THE chief event in August was Walt Disney's *Bambi*, a deer little thing in Technicolor as full of fun and nonsense and vulgarity as this gifted producer's films always are. But time flies and we must hasten. September, Leslie Howard trying hard to represent the Spitfire-inventor Mitchell; a grand crook drama *Larceny, Inc.* with an amazingly macabre performance by Anthony Quinn; Humphrey Bogart superb in *The Big Shot*, and James Cagney keeping the whole of the preposterous *Tankee Doodle Dandy* alive with his inexhaustible vitality. November I scrap despite the scrapbook. And this month is too recent to trouble about.

IM fully prepared to hear, endure, and not protest against, all the omissions readers will charge me with in this brief review of this year's pictures. I hear them already. "What! Not a word about that sweet little singing girl Gloria Warren!" "What! No mention of Charles Laughton's magnificent performance in *The Turtles of Tahiti*!" "What! Nothing about Noel's nautical news-reel?" "What! Has the man gone clean off his nut, and forgotten Mrs. Miniver, that masterpiece of English reticence, that epic of probability, that realistic photograph of an average English country home?" No, dear readers, I have forgotten nothing. I only marvel that I have recollected so much! That insubstantial pagant which is the world of films is only made and meant to while away the passing hour. If it succeeds in this it has fulfilled its purpose. People tell me that the cinema is, or can be, a great educational medium. I shall be quite satisfied if it continues to be an entertaining one.



Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake—Partners in Two of the Great Crime Pictures of 1942

Alan Ladd may prove to be one of the great film discoveries of 1942. In June this year, James Agate made his acquaintance in "*This Gun for Hire*," in which he appears with Veronica Lake (see picture above on left) and hailed him immediately as a newcomer right in the Humphrey Bogart class. Alan Ladd followed this initial success with another fine performance, again starring with Veronica Lake in "*The Glass Key*" (see picture above right). Both films are crime thrillers with a political background. The latter has only recently been generally released and may still be seen in suburban and provincial theatres

Ginger in Triplicate

In "The Major and The Minor" Ginger Rogers plays havoc with Ray Milland as herself, a girl of twelve, and her own Mother



Sue is discovered by Philip's fiancée Pamela (Rita Johnson), and is introduced by Philip as his niece, Susu. Philip persuades Sue to accompany him to the military academy to satisfy Pamela's suspicions

In *The Major and The Minor*, Paramount's latest comedy (Plaza, December 18), Ginger Rogers has a new leading man—Ray Milland. The picture—a screen play by Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett—is directed by Wilder, who has never before made a picture, although his clever scripts, among them *Ball of Fire*, and *Arise, My Love*, have already made him, and his collaborator Brackett, universally known. In it, Ginger in her mad escapade plays three distinct parts—a girl of twelve, herself, and her own mother. Supporting the two stars are Robert Benchley, Rita Johnson, Diana Lynn and Charles Smith

Right: After misunderstandings which result in Pamela breaking off her engagement to Philip, Sue discloses her real identity and Philip realises it is Sue he loves. Happy ending finds them on the way to Nevada to get married



Sue Applegate (Ginger Rogers), after a discouraging year in New York, is on her way home to Iowa. Unable to pay the full fare, she dresses up as a child of twelve and on the train is befriended by a young military instructor, Major Philip Kirby (Ray Milland), who, believing her to be a scared child travelling alone, allows her to sleep in his compartment



Mrs. Lela Rogers (Ginger's real-life mother) makes her film debut as Sue Applegate's mother in "The Major and The Minor." Ginger is taking a great interest in her mother's new career



The Theatre

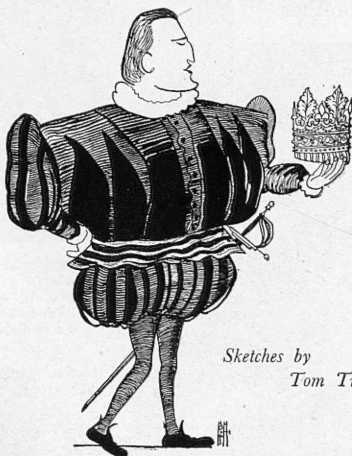
By Horace Horsnell

Henry the Fourth Part Two (Westminster)

As that blithe apocrypha, 1066 and All That, reminds us, King Richard II was succeeded by Henry IV Part One and Two. This plain but commendable production further reminds us that, as chronicled by Shakespeare, Part Two of that great king's life is an even more magnificent play than Part One. And what plays they are! The characters range from tapsters and trollops to archbishops and kings. The scenes shift from council chamber to battlefield, from palace to pub. Noble verse offsets unbridled invective; the secrets of kings are revealed. We carouse with the night-hawks and trulls of Eastcheap, and attend conferences at which treasonable dynasts plot the dismemberment of England. We follow the inverted rake's progress of the Prince of Wales from taproom to throne, and are privileged to overhear the most poignant confidences that can ever have been exchanged between an English king and his prodigal son.

The king is, of course, that bold Bolingbroke who deposed his cousin, the faincant Richard, and usurped his throne. Now at the close of his reign, he is troubled by internecine war, shadowed by the approach of death, and saddened by the follies of his son and successor. Uneasy indeed lies the head that wears such a crown, but magnificent are the terms in which its splendours are apostrophised.

Above all, there is Falstaff with his rout, as English as the weather; taking his somewhat chequered ease on tick at the "Garter"; recruiting in Gloucester, diddling those ancient lights, Shallow and Silence, and playing ducks and drakes with fortune till the game is up. Then, shamed and repudiated by the Prince, he is totally eclipsed; for his quondam crony has renounced the racket of youth for the majesty of the crown, and is already on the



Sketches by
Tom Titt

Prince Henry :

"Thy due, from me
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood ;
Which nature, love and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously ;
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown."

(John Wynyard as Henry, Prince of Wales)

road that is to lead him to Agincourt and the rhetorical glories of Henry V.

THESE are great occasions, greatly chronicled; and in Mr. Robert Atkins's workmanlike compromise between ancient and modern methods of presentation, though tempered, they are not traduced. This Elizabethan setting



Falstaff :

"Come, an it were not for thy humours,
there is not a better wench in England."

(Clare Harris as Mistress Quickly ;
Robert Atkins as Sir John Falstaff)

enables the action to develop dramatic impetus and keeps the busy plot coherent. Good actors, like other desirable commodities these days, are severely rationed; so it is hardly surprising that some of the parts in a play of over thirty characters should be bravely, rather than triumphantly, played.

Mr. Atkins, who knows all about Falstaff, and is on intimate terms with the text, plays him with unruffled authority. In aspect more Franz Hals than Rubens, there may seem to be a wartime economy of good grease in the fat knight's tarradiddles; but the performance as a whole is well planned and articulate. Such solos as the encomium on the virtues of sherris sack are beautifully rendered. The King and the Prince present simpler, less flamboyant, problems. They reward well-spoken actors who preserve their dignity, and Mr. Tristan Rawson and Mr. John Wynyard are both notably good. Those old worthies, Justices Shallow and Silence, need watching lest they betray their sponsors into excesses of senile humour; and the comic extravagancies of Mr. Michael Martin-Harvey and Mr. Horace Sequeira would be even more at home, one feels, in the circus ring than on this magisterial bench.

THE only women in the play who count are the Hostess of the "Garter," and that professional termagant, Doll Tearsheet. Doll, who is larger than life and far more vocal, is no lady. She invites the valour of men, but defies the arts of most actresses. So it is no discredit to Miss Helen Cherry that this riot of woman-kind should refuse unconditional surrender to a charming but less than superhuman young actress. As for Pistol, that incontinent vocal firearm ever at full cock, he also refuses to go off at less than the pressure of genius.

This production has many virtues. It is workmanlike and sincere. The inevitable economy in costumes and decoration, which leaves visual splendours to the imagination, enables the text to assume responsibilities which more ambitious productions, to their own undoing, too often forbid it to bear. And to be hypercritical of so gallant an essay as this would be base ingratitude for the light it sheds on a great play, whose lesser parts of speech are remarkable, and whose greater astonish with their insight, beauty and strength.



"Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all ;
For women are shrewes, both short and tall ;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide."

(Michael Martin-Harvey as Shallow; Clement Hamelin as Pistol; Horace Sequeira as Silence)



Cecil Beaton

His Majesty the King is Forty-Seven this Week

The past week has been one of royal anniversaries. On Friday, the 11th, the King and Queen celebrated the sixth anniversary of their accession to the Throne, and on Monday, the 14th, His Majesty had his forty-seventh birthday. This will not be celebrated officially until June, for King George VI. has maintained the custom set by his father and elder brother of holding the official demonstrations in the summer. In days of peace, this took the form of Trooping of the Colour, always one of the most popular features of the London season. The King is in Air Marshal's uniform. Since 1918 he has taken an active interest in the R.A.F. He learnt to fly on an old Avro 504; he was the first of his line to pilot an aeroplane, and the first Royal Prince to give active service in the Air Arm

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Distinguished Visitor Volunteers

PRINCE ALBERT DE LIGNE, whose family is one of the oldest in Belgium—or in the whole of Europe for that matter—is the latest of the foreign royalties to volunteer for service in the British Army. Thirty years old, fair-haired, good-looking, the young Prince is anxious to take an active part in the fighting. Since he is a Belgian by birth, Prince Albert will offer his services first to the Free Belgian Forces over here, but he is hoping he will be gazetted to a British regiment. Educated in this country, he speaks English as well as he does French. One of his ancestors, Prince Antoine, who died four hundred years ago, was given the titles of Prince of Mortagne and King of England by the Emperor. He never seems to have taken any steps to assert his claim to our Throne, but Prince Albert often jokingly refers to his descent from the Kings of England. Actually, his family records go back unbroken to twenty years before Norman William set out for Hastings, when the de Lignes were feudal lords in Hainault.

New London Homes

BUSY as he has been with State duties and civil engagements since he gave up his full-time duties with the Army to relieve his brother the King of some of his many duties, the Duke of Gloucester has by no means entirely severed his active connection with the Army. He is giving three or four days a week to military matters, and has made visits of inspection to a number of battalions of the Home Forces during the last few weeks. What the Duke has not yet found time for is the decision regarding a London residence. His official home at York House, St. James's, has been shut up since the early days of the war,

except for the office on the ground floor where Sir Godfrey Thomas works as the Duke's secretary. For the time being H.R.H. has been staying at Buckingham Palace when his duties have kept him in London, but this arrangement is only temporary, and it is possible that some of the rooms at York House may be turned into an easily-run pied-à-terre in the near future.

Near by, the Duke's only sister, the Princess Royal, has settled into what were the late Sir Seymour Portescue's quarters in St. James's Palace. They are just under the battlemented part where royal proclamations were wont to be read by Garter King of Arms. War work keeps H.R.H. busy in London. The other day she attended the Red Cross annual meeting in the morning; after lunch, the League of Mercy meeting (at both of these she spoke—her deep voice very like her mother's); and afterwards went on to the tea party given for the Not Forgotten Association. A busy day, and typical of many in the Princess Royal's diary.

Every Little Helps

IN the small village of Elstead, in Surrey, a most successful sale was held recently in the little village hall, in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Prisoners of War Week. The sale was admirably organised by Mrs. Cresswell, the wife of the Rev. Cyril Cresswell, who is chaplain of the King's Chapel of the Savoy and chaplain of the Royal Victorian Order, and raised £230 during the afternoon. Mrs. Cresswell works very hard indeed in this district for this very good cause. There was plenty to buy, and competitions and draws of every kind and description for such varied prizes as a silver coffee-set down to four lemons! The latter were more sought after

than anything, and quite unique, as they were grown locally!—in the garden of Fulbrook House, the lovely home of Mrs. Douglas Gordon, which has this year produced thirty-seven lemons. Mrs. Gordon, who is the mother of the young Marquess of Huntley, the premier Marquess of Scotland, came to the sale to buy some of her Christmas presents, and was accompanied by one of her daughters-in-law, Lady Douglas Gordon, who is now living with her baby son in a cottage on her mother-in-law's estate while her husband is serving with his regiment. Her small son, who was born this year, was christened Andrew Granville Douglas recently in Elstead Church; among his godparents are Viscountess Cowdray, his uncle, Major Lord Roderic Gordon, and the Hon. Marcus Samuel, Lord Bearsted's son and heir.

In the West Country

LUDEMILLA, the big, jolly Russian sniper, has been visiting the soldiers in the West, handling their guns, climbing in and out of their tanks, and making suitable remarks through an interpreter. Social life is an undertone to the roar of enormous tanks through the country lanes. Among people about at the week-end were Sir Francis and Lady Peek—she was Lady Mappin until her recent remarriage, and has brown eyes and fair hair, an unusual and always attractive combination—Captain Lord Carrington and pretty Lady Carrington; the Duke of Rutland, very mobile with a motor-bicycle; Major Patrick Winnington, looking very fit and smiling; Mr. Tom Blackwell, a cheerful wartime soldier who used to be a stockbroker; Mr. Vernon Hope-Johnstone, always amusing; Mr. Brian Johnstone, another joker, and notably excellent piano player; Mr. Adrian Pryce-Jones; and the Hon. Neville Berry.

Others living, staying and meeting in the neighbourhood were Captain James and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay; Mr. and Mrs. George Clark, with whom Mrs. Roddy Thesiger was staying; Mrs. Vicary Gibbs, a charming young bride; Mrs. Rupert Mitford and the Misses June and Juliet Hainault, her attractive daughters; Lady Weymouth, around whom gaiety seems to bubble up spontaneously; popular Mrs. Guy Turner, who, with her baby, lives with her mother while her husband is



Lady Irene Haig, Gardener

The Westminster Girls Training Corps are growing vegetables in the gardens of 145, Piccadilly, the King's former home. Their Quartermaster is Lady Irene Haig, youngest sister of Earl Haig, who is a prisoner in Italy. Above, Lady Irene is inspecting the lettuces grown under glass by some of the girls



Lady Ashley, Saleswoman for the Fighting French

Lady Ashley, wife of Lord Shaftesbury's elder son, is herself French, from Rouen. She had a stall of game from the Shaftesbury estate at the Sale of Work organised by Les Français de Grande Bretagne. Lord Bessborough opened the sale, and proceeds went to the Association's Benevolent Fund, to aid French war victims in this country



Selling Toys at the Red Cross Prisoners of War Sale

Viscountess Dawson, wife of the King's Physician-in-Ordinary, Mrs. Simon Marks and Miss Doris Zinkeisen were behind the counter at the bookstall. Mrs. Churchill opened the sale, and buyers were plentiful for the toys of all sorts, made by Civil Defence workers and members of other war organisations



Lady Kennedy and Lady Irene Craufurd, Lord Camden's elder daughter, were selling dolls. The one in the picture was presented by the Queen, and was Princess Margaret's favourite doll. Lady Kennedy is the wife of Major-Gen. Sir John Kennedy

abroad; Lady David Douglas-Hamilton, who, with her two very young sons, has a small house in the grounds of Ferne, where her mother-in-law, the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, is living; and Mr. and Mrs. John Baddeley, who have a house, and a baby to make it more homelike.

In London

LADY ANDREW CAVENDISH faced the yellowish vapours of wintry London in a mink coat, a gay red scarf tied round her head; her sister, Mrs. Rodd (Nancy Mitford, the novelist), hurried home from the bookshop where she now works. Lady Caroline Paget was among the loveliest of the young women out dancing; popular Miss Cecilia Colledge, the skater, was

around too, also Lady Caroline Howard, Mrs. Max Aitken (the former lovely Miss Cynthia Monteith), Mrs. Pat Smyly, and Captain Timothy Tufnell, having a gay leave. Mr. Harold Scott, lately appearing at the Players Theatre, lunched with Miss Joan Gates. He is versatile, equally good as an actor and in cabaret at the Café Chantant sort—started the famous Cave of Harmony, at which Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton made their names. Captain Anthony Powell lunched in Chelsea. He is now at the War Office, and is the author of five extremely amusing novels which should be more widely known. His wife, who was Lady Violet Pakenham, and their little boy are at the moment in the country near London.

At the monthly party of the Overseas League Welcome Committee, Captain and Mrs. Alan Graham were being congratulated on the recent birth of a second daughter. She looked very fair and slim and pretty, in black, with black ostrich feathers in her hat.

Mrs. Delmar Morgan looked lovely in a seal-skin jacket and sealskin chimney-pot hat. An M.P. who does not often find time to get to these parties was Mr. Hugh Molson; a fairly regular attender was Mr. Morgan Price, M.P., whose pretty and courageous young daughter, Miss Tania Price, has had a nasty adventure—a man attacked her, knocked her down and seized her handbag; whereupon she grabbed him by the leg, brought him down, got the handbag back and was hit on the head with a plank, and so has been laid up. Mrs. John Stourton, Lord Mowbray's lovely sister-in-law, looked specially well, her remarkable red hair thick and shining. She is a member of the Welcome Committee; another on it who was there was Lady Moore-Guggisberg. Lord Monks-well drifted as well as one could in such a squash; Miss Bettine McIntyre was a pretty young girl, and Mr. Tom Cochran was as merry and joking as ever.

Others Around

LADY PATRICIA WARD, Lord Dudley's youngest sister, was looking very smart in black; earlier in the year she had been to Ireland as a newspaper correspondent and had an interesting trip, but very chilly! Nigel Sharpe, the lawn-tennis player, was another in London that day; he was discussing possible exhibition tennis matches for next year. He has organised the exhibition lawn-tennis matches in aid of the Red Cross, which have raised over £4000 for the funds this year. Next year he is hoping some of the American tennis stars, serving with their Army in this country, may be able to play occasionally.

Sir Anthony Meyer has been enjoying a short leave in Town with his attractive young wife (who was Barbadee Knight). They have now gone back again to the West Country, where they have had to take a large house, as it was the only one they could get! As it happens, it is a good thing they have room for guests, as when there was a Regimental dance in the district recently, they were able to put up some friends. Their house party for the week-end included the Earl and Countess of Rosse, Captain and Mrs. Tom Dundas, Miss Diana Legh (Colonel the Hon. Sir Piers and Lady Legh's debutante daughter), and her Shaughnessy half-brothers, as well as Miss Barbara Crichton and Miss Gillian Cadogan.

(Concluded on page 344)

The Christening of Richard Francis Gerard Wrottesley

The baby son of Mr. Richard Wrottesley, Royal Horse Guards, and Mrs. Wrottesley was christened on November 28th at St. James's Church, Trowbridge. In this photograph he is seen with his parents, and behind are Mr. and Mrs. Derek Cooper, Mr. Tom Hanbury (godfather), Lady May Abel-Smith (godmother) and Miss Diana Giffard (godmother). Other godparents were Miss Rosemary Stephens, Mr. George Dennistoun-Webster and Captain Hugh Mills, for whom Captain Gerald Balding stood proxy



"The Petrified Forest"

Robert E. Sherwood's Play Comes to the West End With Owen Nares in the Part Created by Leslie Howard



Gramp: "You'll never get Gabby to talk respectable"
The play opens in the Black Mesa Bar B-Q, a gas station and lunch-room at a lonely cross-roads in the Arizona desert. The station is owned by Gramp Maple (Percy Parsons), here seen with his daughter Gabby (Constance Cummings) and son Jason (Gwyn Nicholls)

The Petrified Forest is being presented by H. M. Tennent at the Globe Theatre to-night. It is the London production of a play which proved one of Leslie Howard's greatest successes on both stage and screen in the 1930's. Written by Robert E. Sherwood, who has already given us such great entertainment as *Reunion in Vienna*, *Tovarich*, *Idiot's Delight* and *The Ghost Goes West*, the production is eagerly awaited. Owen Nares takes the part of the philosophic hobo who, lacking the spark of genius himself, dies that it may be given the chance to live in another; Constance Cummings, the girl for whom he makes the sacrifice; and Hartley Power, the gangster, who solves their problems in his own fashion



Boze: "What's that you're reading?" **Gabby:** "You wouldn't like it"
Boze Hertzlinger (Robert Beatty), a stalwart young man who helps at the station, is in love with Gabby. His advances are crude and to Gabby, who reads Villon and paints pictures of the desert and dreams dreams of an art school, unbearable



Gabby: "It's always 'To-day's Special'"
Into the filling station one day walks Alan Squier (Owen Nares), a disillusioned artist disappointed in his own failure and seeking mental consolation in tramping, penniless, across the continent



"This is Duke Mantee, folks. He's a world-famous killer and he's hungry"
A desperate gangster on the run (Hartley Power) seeks food and shelter at the filling station. He and his friends have killed six men in Oklahoma City. They plan to meet confederates at the Black Mesa Bar. (Incidentally, it was as Duke Mantee that Humphrey Bogart made his earliest screen success. "Here is a player of rare force and personality."—Tatler, July 29, 1936)



Squier: "It's an inspiring moment. It almost restores in me the will to live—and love—and conquer"

The cops have caught up with Duke Mantee. He and his gang, armed with tommy-guns, guard the windows and doors of the shack. It's the United States of America versus Duke Mantee, and it's a fight to the finish. Ordered by Mantee, Squier and Gabby lie on the floor under cover of the table

Photographs by John Vickers



Squier: "I don't have to go any further. . . . I think I've found the thing I was looking for"
Squier believes he has found the spark of genius, lacking in himself, in Gabby. Already the idea of sacrificing himself for her and for her art is in his mind



Photographs by John Vickers

Squier: "It's no matter whether I want it or not. You've got to . . ."

Duke: "O.K., pal"

Unknown to Gabby, Squier has made over to her an insurance policy on his life for five thousand dollars. This will give her the means of escape. The Petrified Forest borders on the Black Mesa Bar. Here is the resting-place Squier has chosen for his frustrated spirit

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHEN we tentatively mentioned the coming Feast of Christmas to our wine-merchant (a personal friend) last week he began to cry. Recovering himself with a strong effort he then said savagely: "Try water." He didn't mean to hurt. It was the blind rage of the wounded lion.

As a matter of fact, water as a drink is well worth looking into, and some people have done it long ago. You'll remember the bottles of Vichy, Vittel, St. Galmier, Contrexéville, and half-a-dozen other vintage waters you could choose from in any French restaurant-car. The Spaniards, traditionally abstemious as monks, have a delicious bottled spring-water called Solares which they serve iced on their trains during the ferocious Spanish summer, and the cry of "Agua-a-a!" at every bullfight is as familiar as those oranges the orange-boys flick with such miraculous accuracy up to the highest seats, as if along invisible wires. It's our feeling that if the celebrated waters of Bath and Clifton and Tunbridge Wells (Malvern is already bottled in a small way) and other spas were properly publicised and served in bars the Race would soon begin to smack discerning lips.

Footnote

THERE is, or used to be, a hidden spring in the mountains of Gwent, in Wales, whose water Arthur Machen, a connoisseur, declared to be the most exquisite of tipples, cold, clear, full of body and brilliance and bouquet, combining strength with delicacy, silky, *velouté*, a very pretty little water indeed. This Romanée-Conti of the well-vintages would probably be fought for.

Slkiful publicity could make these waters "go," and we personally don't care where they go. Chesterton was right as usual. Nothing spoils a good goblet of water like a dash of Chamberlain, if any.

Tralala

PART of the great Elizabethan Legend on which the Island Race is doped from birth being the story of the Revenge, dramatised by Slogger Tennyson in glorious technicolour, we weren't a bit surprised to find a little poem in the *Times* comparing the Toulon affair with this ace of sea-engagements.

Without being a complete fake, like the French legend of the Vengeur going down all over Republican flags and Vive la Nation, the Revenge story as Tennyson tells it is somewhat dashed by Sir

Walter Raleigh's cool prose version, which we've just looked up. Grenville and the master-gunner certainly wanted to blow up the Revenge after her gallant stand, but the captain and master weren't having any. There was a rather embarrassing row, after which the master went aboard the Spanish flag-galleon, commanded by Don Alfonso Bassan, and the rest followed later with the captain. And the Spanish Admiral, "finding none over-hasty to enter the Revenge again," honourably saved them from the galleys and imprisonment and sent them to England, "the better sort to pay such ransom as their estate would bear." This he did out of admiration for Grenville, a great sailor with a filthy temper who used to chew glass when enraged.

So you see the Revenge business was nothing like Toulon, and we think Auntie's poetic boys ought to look up the facts before going all emotional, so there. Excuse bad pen.



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"I suppose you don't 'appen to 'ave the price of a savings certificate?"

Light

FILLING a long-felt want, we thought contentedly, noting a recent announcement that "the Master and Wardens of the Haberdashers' Company will attend the Golden Lecture to-day, given by the Rev. F. C. Baker, on 'The Meaning of Life,' at St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street." Haberdashers don't know much about Life, as you can tell from some of the ties they innocently try to sell you.

"Haberdasher" is a remote, eerie word to begin with, and although George Morrow made a desperate shot at its meaning some time ago, when he drew a sketch of one of this wealthy Company in full armour, in the act of dashing the haber—a kind of heraldic wart-hog—with a spiked club, we find the authorities don't agree with this. Slogger Skeat, the ace etymologist, doesn't seem very clear about it himself, however:

Haberdasher, a seller of small wares (Fr.). So named from his selling a stuff called *hapertas*. . . . The name of this stuff is of unknown origin.

Anyway, Skeat would certainly agree that for somebody to give the Haberdashers Company the low-down on Life hurts nobody and may do lasting good.

Test

IN their Hall in Gresham Street, rebuilt by Wren after the Great Fire, damaged again by fire in the 1860's, and whether blitzed or not more recently we forget, the wealthy Haberdashers normally give very good dinners. Their hospitality is charming and in their round clear candid eyes you glimpse an essential purity. But after



"There's a message from the College of Heraldry this morning, Sir"

(Concluded on page 334)



Lady Joseph and Lord Louis Mountbatten



Lady Louis Mountbatten and Viscount Greenwood

Inauguration Lunch

Some of Sir Samuel Joseph's Guests
at the Mansion House for the Opening
of Prisoners-of-War Week



Lord Ebbisham and Lady Rennell of Rodd



The Duke of Norfolk and Lady Iliffe



Lady Astor and Lord Wigram



Viscountess Greenwood and Lord Southwood

Right:
Miss Eva Sandford
and Mr. and Mrs.
Maurice Salmon



The Lord Mayor gave a luncheon at the Mansion House to inaugurate Prisoners-of-War Week, at which the Duchess of Gloucester was present. Other guests included Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Chief of Combined Operations, and his wife, who is Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade; the Duke of Norfolk, and many other well-known people, some of whom are seen on this page

Right:
Lord and Lady Kemsley
and Sir Edward
Baron



Standing By ...

(Continued)

all a virtue derived from ignorance of Life is less impregnable than a virtue which calmly faces the facts. One may hope that several clergymen will rally round henceforth and give the Haberdashers a real grounding in these things. Mr. Rackstraw, forward, please! There's a lady or something at the fancy socks counter—remember, Mr. Rackstraw, you can always judge their sex by their hats.

Innovation

IN a recent interesting wedding-group, so far as any British wedding-group can be interesting, the bride and bridegroom had evidently made up their minds beforehand not to grin at the camera. They accordingly faced the world with an offended glare, highly refreshing.

Just as a study in frustration the Press photographer's mobile pan should have been inset as well, we thought. One sees too few photographs of the frustrated, who after all make up 75 per cent. of the population and include many notable figures—for example, Mussolini. The Brontës (Charlotte, Emily, Anne) have been cropping up in the papers lately in this connection. When everybody was writing Brontë plays a few years ago we wrote one which had a poignant Hardy-esque scene with Napoleon in it. Frustrated himself, Napoleon just wanted to get to the root of it all. The scene ended:

NAP.: You girls seem to like frustration.

CHARLOTTE: Yes.

NAP.: Good God.

(Walks up and down, hands behind back. Enter a Mr. Sol Biddlebaum, briskly.)

Mr. B.: Listen, cuties, ever been frustrated in a sister act on the slack wire?

Six months later, at the Casino de Paris, Les 3 Frustration Girls, Reines Tristes de l'Equilibre, are tearing 'em up. We got one of the Sunday highbrow producing societies interested in our play and then they dropped it. They said we were too tall, or something.

Glimpse

SIR ISAAC NEWTON eating soap. Sir Isaac Newton being sick. Sir Isaac Newton hitting out with a spoon on all sides, in a frenzy. Sir Isaac Newton being smacked violently on his western façade and yelling his head off. Sir Isaac Newton all over raspberry jam. Sir Isaac Newton mewling and dribbling. Sir Isaac Newton twisting the cat's tail. Sir Isaac Newton under the table on all-fours.

These and countless similar incidents were once a daily commonplace at Woolthorpe Manor, Lincolnshire, Newton's birthplace, just acquired for the National Trust, but we doubt if the Royal Society were thinking of any such truths when the fact was announced to them. Having no superstitious reverence for scientists, who talk such abysmal rot when once away from their test-tubes, we

feel the Royal Society boys lack imagination in the wrong place. Woolthorpe Manor saw the greatest of British savants howling in his tub. To hear the average modern scientist you'd think he was born by spontaneous combustion and derived his primal nourishing from a Bunsen burner.

Change

WHEN, many years ago, the Rt. Hon. Walter Long remarked innocently in the House: "I was never standing by while a revolution was going on," it moved the great Chesterton to delicious persiflage, of which we remember only four lines:

From his first hours in his expensive cot
He never saw the tiniest Viscount shot;
In deference to his wealthy parents' whim
The wildest massacres were kept from him.

War correspondents, the President of the Institute of Journalists might well have remarked in his recent address at Cambridge, were *mutatis mutandis* in exactly the same boat in 1914. Kitchener and his brasshats regarded them as the lowest form of insect life and barred them, whenever possible, with loathing. To-day they hobnob freely with generals and push with the Army into spots of a hotness Kipling's bashibazouks in *The Light That Failed* never dreamed of. One or two of the best of them moreover are utterly new to military experience. One was a film-critic before the war. Doubtless he finds the Russian offensive less nerve-racking.

Hope

THE hardened war correspondent's chief nightmare being (as the late Percival Phillips, dean of the brotherhood, used to admit) peace, visions of the glad new world



"You just squeeze it and it makes a noise"

must come to them, in off moments, a bit chilly. There was always something violent going on somewhere in the old days. With the entire globe kissing and cooing all round them those boys will feel pretty strange unless they migrate to the hayseed belt, where the agelong vendettas of the English countryside will cheer and soothe them. Down our way the mucky old war has interrupted an inter-village feud dating from Edward III's time. Old Joe Potts whispering at night to his rookriffe makes Sicily look a fool, believe you us.

Canard

A STORY going round town, started by some lewd scribbler, to the effect that three bears called at the Treasury recently, asking to see "Goldilocks," and ate the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a lie. It threw the populace into a high state of indifference nevertheless.

What probably happened, our Whitehall spies report, was that one of the War House typists—maybe that fluffy lance-corporal with violet eyes in Block F, Room 809—was romping with what looked like a bear at the tea-hour, and has since been transferred to Q.C.D.M.G./H/57. The bear, if it was a bear, got in presumably some months ago and after chasing a few blondes round was given acting brigadier's rank and put in charge of M.I.64. It's just one of those things that happen to a great nation at war (compare World War I, when a baboon got into one of the Ministries and ran it very successfully for about six months before detection), and there's nothing to make a song and dance about. D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Tell me, does this business of not more than five inches in a bath apply if you use champagne?"

Helpmann's Third Ballet

"The Birds" Included
in Sadler's Wells
Repertoire

Robert Helpmann's new ballet, *The Birds*, was presented for the first time last month at the New Theatre. In contrast to his earlier ballets, *Comus* and *Hamlet*, this is light comedy, full of dancing and mounted on some of the younger members of the Company. The music by the Italian composer Ottorino Respighi, who died six years ago, is a suite of dances based on pieces with bird subjects by seventeenth-century composers. To English ballet audiences, Respighi is perhaps best known for his arrangement of the Rossini music used for Massine's *La Boutique Fantasque*. For overture, Constant Lambert has composed "The Bird Actors." Decor and dresses have been designed by Chiang Yee in effective Chinese style



The Dove (Alexis Rassine), melancholy because he has no love, enters with four attendant doves (Moirá Shearer, Anne Lascelles, Pauline Clayden and Lorna Mossford)

Right: The Dove, meeting the Nightingale, falls in love (Alexis Rassine, Beryl Grey)

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The Hen is mocked by the cheeky sparrows, Margaret Dale and Joan Sheldon. Moirá Fraser gives a distinguished performance as the Hen, brilliant in its clever miming



The Hen (Moirá Fraser), in love with the Dove, attempts to disguise herself as the Nightingale. Meanwhile, the Cuckoo (Gordon Hamilton), in love with the Nightingale, has disguised himself as the Dove. No one is deceived by the disguise except the two impostors, who fall happily into each other's arms

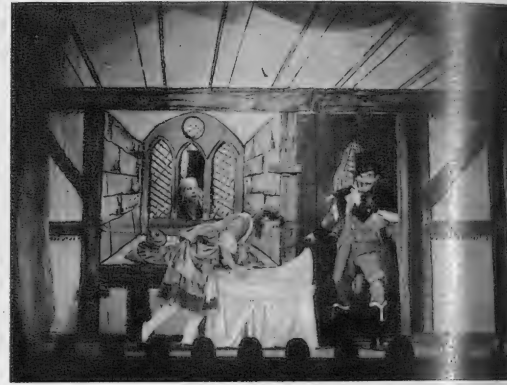
Blood and Thunder

"Maria Marten," or "The Murder in the Old Red Barn." A Moral Domestic Drama (with songs) Revived at the Arts Theatre Club



Don't you whip Bennie, don't whip him,
Please, Papa, don't whip little Ben.
He's sorry and wants you to kiss him,
Please, Papa, don't whip little Ben."

A heartrending number delivered by Miss J. Gates and heartily echoed by the audience



Villain: "The child dead, then I am safe!"

Hero (disguised as a gipsy): "No, lost eternally in the sight of Heaven"

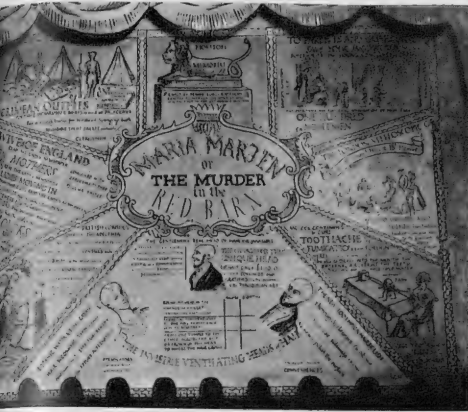
Maria's unwanted baby is poisoned by its villainous father. The vile deed is witnessed by Ishmael Lee, the Gipsy (Mr. D. Blakelock)



On Polestead Common the gipsies meet. They cry for vengeance on the man who has robbed them of their camping-ground. A glorious plan is conceived. His land and buildings shall be razed by fire. Corder himself shall be left to the mercy of Ishmael Lee.



Maria (Miss J. Horder), dying by her treacherous lover's hand, breathes her last, forgiving the man who has done her wrong and blessing the name of her nameless child's father. For a moment—but for a moment only—the villain feels regret for his foul deed



Genuine advertisements of Dickens's time have been incorporated into the backcloth, after the style of Pollock's Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured, by Miss M. Meiklejohn



Alaria: "This is a fearful deed"

In the dead of night, the mortal remains of the poor innocent child are secretly buried, without blessing of clergy or church, in the wood near the Old Red Barn. Only Ishmael Lee, the Gipsy, witnesses the dastardly deed



Villain: "She comes with a song on her lips, hope in her heart, little thinking that death is so near"

William Corder (Mr. J. Somers) awaits the arrival of the village maid he has betrayed. Perfidy! Deception! Murder! Self-recrimination! All follow in rapid succession

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sadgwick



Twelve months have passed. Under the hay a spade is found; on it, a woman's golden hair and stains that smell like blood. Old Mr. Marten (Mr. D. Blakelock) and young Tim Bobbin (Mr. R. Attenborough) have found all that remains of poor Maria



Murder will out! Step by step, William Corder mounts the scaffold in accordance with the gipsy's curse. To his tortured vision appears the heavenly apparition of the girl he betrayed. "I shall be waiting, William!" she cries



Miss Mary Selby-Lowndes has been nursing at a military hospital for three years, and was recently "mentioned in despatches." She is the elder daughter of the late Mr. R. Selby-Lowndes, of Shenley Park, Bletchley, and of Mrs. Selby-Lowndes, who lives at Charlton Kings, Gloucestershire



Harlip

Miss Barbara Manning, eldest daughter of the late Brig.-General Sir William Manning and Lady Manning, of Hampton Court Palace, spent part of her childhood in Ceylon, where her father was Governor-General. She came out at the 1941 Queen Charlotte's Ball, and is now doing secretarial work at the Royal Canadian Air Force headquarters



Miss Joan Readman, the twenty-one-year-old daughter of Captain Hamilton Readman, and of Mrs. Eleanor Rollo, and granddaughter of the late Mr. James Readman, of Frankleigh House, Bradford-on-Avon, is in the W.A.A.F. Her half-sister, Miss Sybil Rollo, a debutante of this year, is in the M.T.C.

The Very Young



Harlip

Miss Susan Laurie is doing her war service as a V.A.D. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel V. S. Laurie, Royal Artillery, and Mrs. Laurie, and is a granddaughter of the late Lt.-Col. R. M. Laurie, D.S.O., D.L., R.A.



Janet Jewons

Miss Wendy Talbot-Willcox came out at this year's Queen Charlotte's Ball. She is the elder daughter of Wing Cdr. G. Talbot-Willcox, M.C., R.A.F., and Mrs. Talbot-Willcox, of Headingley, Cobham, Surrey, a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ropner, of Thorpe Perrow, Yorks, and a niece of Colonel Leonard Ropner, M.C., R.A., M.P.



Hay Wrightson

Miss Amabel Yorke works in an aircraft factory, and but for the war would have made her debut this year. She is eighteen, and the only daughter of Brigadier P. G. Yorke, R.H.A. (retired), and Mrs. Yorke, of Hardington House, near Yeovil. She is a relation of the Earl of Hardwicke



Bassano

Mrs. Jenner-Fust and her small son, **Richard**, are well looked after by a magnificent Alsatian, **Ibex**. Mrs. Jenner-Fust is the wife of **Lieut. R. Jenner-Fust, O.B.E., R.N.**, and was **Miss Thea Wilmer** before her marriage, daughter of **Brigadier** and **Mrs. Wilmer**. Her husband was reported missing last February when the destroyer **H.M.S. Electra** was sunk in the battle of the Java Seas



Marcus Adams

Mrs. A. C. Duckworth was formerly **Miss Christina Williams**, and is the daughter of the late **Mr. Edric Williams**, of **New Zealand**. She married in 1940 **Commander A. C. Duckworth, D.S.O., R.N.**, second son of the late **Sir George Duckworth** and **Lady Margaret Duckworth**, and their daughter, **Jane**, was born last year

Family Album



Dennis Moss

Squadron Leader and **Mrs. H. H. A. Ironside** were married in London in February 1941, and their son, **Julian James Niall Allan**, was born last March. **Squadron Leader Ironside**, a close relative of **Field-Marshal Lord Ironside**, was before the war personal assistant to **Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding**, late **C.-in-C., Fighter Command**, and is at present instructing. He received injuries to his eye in action two years ago



Bassano

Mrs. Paley Johnson, who was **Miss Jasmine Bligh**, the **B.B.C. television announcer**, is the elder daughter of **Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Noel Bligh, D.S.O.**, brother of the **Earl of Darnley**. She married **Major John Paley Johnson, R.A.**, in 1940, and they have a daughter, **Sarah Jack**. **Major Paley Johnson** is at present serving abroad

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

War Without Tears

A KINDLY thought from Berlin! An eminent Military Personality in that city (I feel sure that it must be Der Verführer himself!) says that the Allies will soon launch a second front in Southern Europe, and that Italy has been selected for the assault. Der Herr General Göbbels, another eminent military authority, talks of the Balkans as a "highly improbable" alternative. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* says: "Africa is undoubtedly an excellent springboard for an Allied attack and Italy an ideal place for it." I am afraid that all these well-meaning persons have got everything quite wrong: the real attack will be mounted from the Gobi Desert following, in the main, the line of Marco Polo's *safari*, and there will be a simultaneous containing action pivoting on the North Pole. *Dankeschön*, all the same!

Horse-Stealing

THIS used to be a capital offence under English law and it may yet prove to be so again. Lord Rosebery, the President of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, very pertinently pointed out to the assembled members at the recent meeting, that the mares stolen from French owners by Herr "Von" Ribbentrop cannot be entered in the British Stud Book, no matter how aristocratic their lineage, until they have been restored to their rightful owners. In other words, we still think that horse-stealing is a heinous offence. Lord Rosebery might have gone a bit further and pointed out that the progeny of these stolen animals would lie under a similar disability, and that the fact of their exclusion from the Stud Book would very materially affect their commercial value. Is it not equally the fact that no animal which has been through the hands of any German owner can now hope for admission to the British Stud Book? We may be fools, but we are not quite such damned fools as to accept the *ipse dixit*

of any German as to how any of their horses are bred. I do not believe that German documentary evidence would be any more convincing. Why, we even questioned the breeding of our own Bend Or!

Royal Racing Plans

OUR friend "Gimcrack," the racing guide, philosopher and friend of the *Daily Sketch*, tells us that his Majesty's racing manager, Captain Charles Moore, has told him that Tipstaff is a certain competitor for next year's Guineas, but that it is not quite so certain that he will run in the Derby, because at present they do not expect him to be more than a good miler. In the Free Handicap 1½ mile Mr. Fawcett says that he is nearly a stone worse than Lady Sybil (9 st. 7 lb. and 8 st. 9 lb.) and 11 lb. worse than Nasrullah. We have yet to see that proven. The Official Handicapper further says that he thinks Tipstaff 1 lb. worse over 1½ miles than the King's filly, Open Warfare, but 3 lb. better than another filly in the same ownership, Sunblind. It is quite on the cards, according to my own view, that Sunblind might be worth making a particular "note on," no matter what some people may think of Open Warfare; and as to Tipstaff, I am now confirmed in the opinion that he was unjustly condemned after his failure in the 6-furlong Amport Stakes at Salisbury on August 8th. He started at 7 to 4 on in spite of his having to give both Sulphurous and Panda, who beat him, 10 lb. The distances were a neck and a short head. Captain Charles Moore is reported to have said that they never had Tipstaff as they wanted him last season. In this race at Salisbury I thought that it was sheer greenness which caused his defeat. He had won his race to all practical intents and purposes and, as I read things, thought that he had actually done so, and dropped his bit. He is not the first greenhorn to do that. Michael Beary, on Lord Sefton's Sulphurous, was very quick to spot what had happened. 'Gordon



D. R. Stuart

Cambridge Blues

The Rev. W. O. Chadwick, Chaplain at Wellington College, captained the Cambridge Rugby XV. just before the war, when F/Lt. J. Parsons was stand-off half for the same team. The latter now plays for the R.A.F.

Richards had less than no time to straighten things, and that was that. Afterwards, of course, we heard the usual grouching: he had "turned it up when challenged"; he was "lacking in gameness," and so forth and so on; odds-on favourites, which get beaten, are always most unpopular. I am sure, however, that my explanation is the right one. If you want to take a price about Tipstaff for the Derby you can get 33 to 1, but as the King's manager says that he is a doubtful runner, it may be a waste of good time. Also we do not at present know how good Sulphurous is: very good, so some people think. As to Sunblind, she also may be a lot better than some people believe: only out twice; second at Salisbury; won at Windsor (5 furlongs), but nothing behind her to give us



Farming Competitions for the Women's Land Army

Lady Denman, Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, and Mrs. Drexel Biddle watched while Lord Cornwallis, chairman of the Kent War Agricultural Executive Committee, congratulated one of the land-girl competitors in the farming and efficiency tests held at Allington Farm, Maidstone, a short time ago. Lady Denman is the Hon. Director of the Women's Land Army, and Mrs. Biddle's husband is American Ambassador to the Allied Governments in London.



Big Brother Beurling

Young David and Richard Beurling were first to welcome their brother, P/O. G. F. ("Screwball") Beurling, D.S.O., D.F.C., D.F.M. and Bar, Malta's Canadian ace fighter pilot, on his arrival in Montreal, where he was greeted by the Canadian Prime Minister on behalf of the nation.



Football Experts

Wing Cdr. W. M. Penman, Scottish International, Rosslyn Park and R.A.F. full-back, won the A.F.C. for his work with the R.A.F. Empire Training Scheme. With him is Capt. A. L. Warr, R.A., formerly one of Oxford's fastest three-quarters



D. R. Stuart

The Harrow Football Fifteen

The Harrow football team, photographed after their match with Tonbridge, when they lost by 8 to 11 after a very close game, have beaten University College School and Beaumont College. Standing: H. R. M. Mirehouse, R. P. Minnette-Lucas, I. N. Mitchell, J. M. Cubbon, P. G. Jennings, R. A. R. Stroyan. Sitting: B. A. Fellowes-Gordon, D. J. B. Wood, G. A. B. Covell, E. C. A. Bott (capt.), D. G. G. Davidson, A. Fosh, H. W. J. Summerskill. In front: L. J. Verney, D. M. Ramsay

much of a line. No one can possibly know very much at the moment, not even those wily birds, the bookmakers. The prices are merely our friends' private handicap.

The Sultan's Gold Teeth

THE yarn which I am going to spin will sound, as I am very well aware, as if I were poaching upon the special preserves of the amusing Naval Adviser to the Brains Trust, but it happens to be absolutely true. The Sultan had got solid gold teeth, and furthermore, his Court Dentist, with a nice touch of artistic refinement, had set a sparkling gem in each of them, diamond, ruby, emerald alternating in the potentate's incisors. When the Sultan smiled, or even grinned sardonically, it gave you the impression of a Bond Street jeweller's shop, and it was not a little staggering until you got used to it. The Sultan was his Highness of Johore, about whose adventures since the Japanese invasion of Malaya there have been various rumours, but nothing definite. The more unpleasant ones have hinted at decapitation, and this may have occurred for the sake of his bejewelled dentures; other rumours say that H.H. has made rings round Hirohito's soldiery, and from my very slight acquaintanceship with the Sultan I favour the latter supposition. I hope, at any rate, that it is true, for his Highness has subscribed most generously to our war chest. At one time the Sultan was keen as mustard on racing, with the accent on one of these words, so said those who did not like him very much. He came up from Singapore with a big string of pretty useful horses for one of the big cold-weather meetings in Calcutta, and it was then that we got the chance of seeing that flashing grin. One of his jockeys or his trainer, or both, got into a bit of a pickle with the stewards of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club over a horse named The Crown, who had not, incidentally, gold teeth with diamonds in them. On the contrary, the suggestion was, if my memory serves me, that the jockey had ideas about pulling the wretched animal's teeth out. All ended happily, more or less, so far as the stewards were concerned, but what the Sultan, who was very annoyed about the whole thing, did to the jockey afterwards never transpired.

More Eastern Splendour

IT was almost barbaric in its magnificent colouring, and the occasion was when the late Nizam of Hyderabad came up to Calcutta to pay a state visit to H.E. the Viceroy of

India. The Nizam brought, besides his retinue, his own Bodyguard, which consisted of about a full squadron, and they formed escort when he drove in state to the racecourse on 'Viceroy's Cup Day'. They were a dazzling spectacle, every mother son of them a six-footer Ethiopian eunuch; their long chapkans, or tunics, were bright yellow and they wore pale blue and silver lungis, or turbans, as the West prefers to call them; white breeches, black boots, Life Guard pattern, lance pennons black and yellow, and they were mounted on black Gulf Arabs, which are bigger than the usual Arabian, not half so blood-like, but good and fiery war-horses, none the less. I had thought that the Viceroy's Bodyguard in their scarlet and gold about as showy an outfit as was to be seen, but the

Nizam's outshone them, even if they did make you think of something out of the *Arabian Nights*, perhaps Scheherazade's Lancers, if such a corps ever existed. Incidentally, at one time some of our own Hussar regiments were mounted on Gulf Arabs, average height, I should say, about 14.3 to 15 hands, grand little horses, and they made a brave and tempestuous show on parade. The 15th Hussars had them for some time, and later, I think, the 8th. There was a grey squadron, a bay, a black and a chestnut squadron, and the little steeds seemed to enjoy soldiering immensely and knew all the words of command and trumpet field calls.

As a hack the Arab has never been rated very high because principally he is on the lazy side and is apt to stumble; but get him all lit up . . . !



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Station Staff Somewhere in England

Sitting: S/Ldr. Herd, Wing Cdr. Pettit, G/Capt. J. H. Dand, M.B.E., S/Ldr. L. Jobbins, S/Ldr. J. Bell. Standing: F/Lt. Taylor, F/Lt. Ekins, S/Ldr. Grant, F/Lt. Debenham, F/Lt. Halliday, S/Ldr. Cook, F/Lt. Hewitt

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Nine Years

MR. ARTHUR BRYANT'S *The Years of Endurance: 1793-1802* (Collins; 12s. 6d.) gives the psychological background, as well as historical outline, of the first phase of Britain's last war with France. The deceptive Treaty of Amiens—1802—was to prove, for the British, a kind of breather, or half-time, in a struggle that did not finish till Waterloo. To Napoleon, it presented the time for which he had so cleverly played: during the brief, so-called peace, he concentrated his forces for a very much more thorough attack upon English power. Mr. Bryant's closing chapter acts as a pointer towards the dangers of premature settlement.

England's repugnance to the idea of war was as great in 1793 as in 1938 and 1939. Throughout the eighteenth century this country had devoted herself to the arts of peace. Domestic civilisation was the ideal, and this seemed irreconcilable with violence. The Age of Reason, that bred, in France, revolution, bred in the more generally prosperous and more equable England abhorrence of any dynamic change. Mr. Bryant's picture of pre-war, late eighteenth-century England—with its good living, well-planned towns, lovely, big-windowed rational houses, independent and vigorous peers and gentry, rising merchant classes, bonhomie, culture and green rolling country-sides—is to my mind just a trifle idealised, and plays a little too much on one's homesickness for the past. The scene—as he does point out—was not wholly rosy: brutalities (of which one finds evidence in any eighteenth-century novel one cares to read) existed under the urbane surface;

"enclosure" had begun to strangle the country-sides and take the peasant's inherited rights away; the death of the village community was beginning, (vide Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn"); and industrialism not only erected the first of its "dark, Satanic mills," but was beginning to raise economic and social problems that we, of to-day, have not seen the end of yet. From the fact that there was no kind of police force, one cannot argue that there was no need of police. As things were, the soldiers had to be called out where the magistrate failed to enforce his will.

The small Army, so gentlemanly at its top, was rough and unruly in its lower ranks. Commissions were purchased for younger sons (in some cases these were very young indeed; Mr. Bryant can instance a "colonel" of twelve years old), but the ranks were the resort of the ne'er-do-well. The Army, in fact, was a sideline, and its efficiency could not be hoped to be higher than its prestige. The Navy was, it is true, in better condition. "Though in 1792 only twelve battleships were in actual commission, and there was no ship of the line either in the Mediterranean or the West Indies, the Navy remained what it had been since Pepys had made it so a century before—the finest

in the world. Against France's seventy-six battleships, with an aggregate broadside of 74,000 lb., Britain had 113, with a broadside of 89,000 lb. . . . Pitt, peace-lover though he was, had never neglected the Navy." The outstanding difficulty, however, was to get the men to man the ships. Conditions of service were not attractive, so the detested press-gangs must be relied upon.

The repercussions on England of the French Revolution have been interestingly pictured by Mr. Bryant. The Revolution, it must be remembered, began among reputable people in France—liberals, intellectuals, the professional classes. Just such people, in England, had had, since our own two Revolutions, a free and open say in public affairs. The evils of the ancien régime in France had been obvious to the most conservative Englishman. The ideas first promulgated by the French revolutionaries had by this country long ago been embraced—if not acted upon. It is possible that, could England have sympathised with the French Revolution (as Fox wished, and Burke dreaded, she should) in its initial and moderate stages, before it had become in the physical sense revolution, the fever, the extremities and the carnage of the Terror might not have come about. (One must remember that the France of the Terror had every reason to see herself as "encircled.") In its first years, the Revolution did find many echoes in English hearts—among liberal politicians, among the poets, among the dispossessed country people now driven by hardship into the bad conditions of the rising industrial towns. But, in the long run, property-loving England found itself in hardening opposition to the



Johnson, Oxford
Sir Max Beerbohm, D.Litt.

Sir Max Beerbohm, the well-known essayist and cartoonist, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature at Oxford recently. He is seen with the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, Sir David Ross. Sir Max is an Old Carthusian and a graduate of Merton College

Revolutionary threat against property. And the excesses to which the Revolution soon travelled were soon to appear to justify our governing class. The execution of the well-meaning French King was, for monarchy-loving England, the final touch.

Dark Days

IT was left to Pitt, who embodies liberty-loving, but peace-loving, England's detestation of war, to guide

the country through the perilous years that succeeded 1793. In ability and in patience he was a rock. His power to rally and to inspire was needed, as Mr. Churchill's has since been needed, in that period of defeats, muddles and inefficiencies. Not the least—in fact, one might say, the greatest—of England's troubles were her allies. Her reactionary opposition to Republican France had, unhappily, thrown her in with the reactionary gang—Austria, Prussia and incalculable Russia. These allies were not only corrupt, but self-interested; they dropped off or defaulted at every turn. And the lengthening chain of French victories, meanwhile, drove neutral countries into submission. England—as in 1940—was to stand alone. She had, with infinite pains, to make herself over from a country designed for peace to a country able for war.

The thorough-goingness of the new France at war had, at least to some extent, to be copied. "As the Government spokesmen put it, the country was driven to the necessity of imitating French violence in order to resist the contagion of French principles." England fought fanatics—and how superbly fanatics fight! But gradually this country, also, took fire. The emergence of Napoleon, his rise to power and the

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THE memory of a tender, involuntary act of affection is

worth far more in love, as well as in friendship, than the most handsome gift. Gifts are, of course, delightful—that is, if we get the things we really want, or those which once seemed to lie beyond the dreams of expectation—but, nevertheless, it is the quiet signs of special affection which leave the deepest impression on your heart. I suppose it is because most of us, behind our bravado and show of independence, are actually very lonely people. Life itself is very lonely, if you delve deep down into its secret needs. As those who have passed its peak know only too well. The amusing acquaintances, who used to play such a big part in our daily entertainment—how surprised we are that they counted so little as they did, after some slight misunderstanding, some brief separation, some dividing interest sent each of us on our dividing ways! The knowledge, however, doesn't leave the least bitterness, because we feel that they miss us as little as we miss them. Our friendship was pleasant while it lasted, but it really meant no more to us than the memory of a summer day. Yet the need to love and to be loved still persists.

The beauty and the wonder of the world enthrall us more and more as we grow older, and yet the heart cannot subsist entirely on its miraculous loveliness. We must make human contact or, peradventure, into our inner lives there creeps a silence which is as the coldness of death, without its peace. Alas! human contact

becomes more and more impossible as time, deepening our affections, demanding more and more of staunchness and devotion. Which probably explains—in a psychological sense, that is—why an animal or a faith can absorb so much human self-surrender.

We so deeply yearn to be loved, and yet, if the truth be told, we are so difficult to love. There is so much about us which is unlovable, and, though it may only be a small part of our nature, it is always hurting those who might love us; just as we, too, are hurt by those upon whom we would pin our faith. Words are such a fragile bridge by which one person may reach another. Which is why a gift, though it may even be words expressed, so to speak, in diamonds, are not to be compared with the free acts of tenderness, unselfishness and true devotion which warm our hearts most of all, and add a radiance to memory. Without them, no gift in the world can quite repay us for the inner loneliness which absence of them implies. If only this were realised all the time, and not merely at Christmas or on birthdays, I rather think there would be fewer unhappy marriages or close friendships which, somehow or other, drift apart. Only the cold and selfish and calculating can live inwardly quite alone and like it. Even so, time usually has its revenge. That is why so many disagreeable old people haunt the world. Having always given so little of the love and understanding which cost nothing at all, the heart-harvest of their old age is usually a lap-dog, or the morning call of a reluctant vicar.



Thorn — Moore

Lieut. Anthony Peter Thorn, Irish Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Thorn, of Hampstead and Camberley, and Kathleen Phyllis Moore, daughter of Major W. G. Moore and Mrs. Moore, of Thorntonhall, Lanarkshire, were married at St. John's, Princes Street, Edinburgh



Mrs. A. T. Hingston Harlip

Elizabeth Mary Thornhill, daughter of the Rev. A. B. and Mrs. Thornhill, of 16, Chaucer Road, Cambridge, was married to Major Alwyne Tregelles Hingston, R.A., son of Dr. A. A. Hingston and the late Mrs. Hingston, of King's Norton, at St. Mary-le-Strand



Hovey — Clarke

Major William Nisbet Hovey, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hovey, of Clinton, Ontario, Canada, married Sybil Sidonia Clarke, younger daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady Clarke, of Long Acre, Oxley, Surrey, at Oxley Parish Church

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Innes — Colmore

Johnson, Oxford

Major Gilbert William Innes, Royal Marines, and Josephine Freda Colmore were married at St. Giles' Church, Oxford. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Colmore, of Woodstock Road, Oxford



Mercer — Moylan

Lieut. Harold Keith Mercer, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, son of the late Harold Mercer and Mrs. Mercer, of Manchester, married Brenda Alice Moylan, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Moylan, of Meadow Lea, Herne, at St. Martin's, Herne



Horsey — Ram

Lieut. Guy Kennedy Horsey, R.N., elder son of the late Paymaster-Captain H. K. Horsey and Mrs. Horsey, of Greenways, Fareham, married Mary O'Brien Ram, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Ram, of The Coombe, Penzance, at Holy Trinity, Southampton



Sommerville — Thomas

Lieut. Ian Fraser Sommerville, R.N., younger son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. F. A. Sommerville, of London, married Barbara Felstead Thomas, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. Howard Thomas, of Auckland, New Zealand, at St. Paul's Church, Auckland



Volkercz — Innes

F/Lt. Gerrard Volkercz, Royal Netherlands Naval Air Service, and Veronica Innes, daughter of Major G. V. d'A. Innes, of Queensmead Lodge, Windsor, Berks, were married at St. Saviour's, Wallon Street



Batterbury — Oliver

Captain Geoffrey William Batterbury, Royal Signals, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Batterbury, of Purley, Surrey, married Mary Oliver, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Oliver, of Scarborough, at St. Martin's, Catterick Camp

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 329)

Fighting French Activities

THE last two weeks have seen even more activity than usual at the Fighting French H.Q. General de Gaulle gave two dinner-parties at the May Fair Hotel in honour of some of the famous French generals who have recently joined his Cause. Indeed, as an old French colonel, his tunic brilliant with ribbons of Moroccan campaigns and those of the Great War, remarked, they were oddly reminiscent of the parade-ground at St. Cyr in the old days. General Legentihomme was one guest, tall, beribboned and very distinguished; another was General Catroux, French Delegate-General and C.-in-C. in the Levant, whose kepi, scarlet and faced with gold leaves, was the envy of everyone present. Other guests included Admiral Stark, M. Pleven, the Fighting French Commissioner for Foreign Affairs; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert, Lieut.-Colonel Billotte, Chef de l'Etat-major Particulier; General Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff and Colonel Commandant, The Glider Pilot Regiment; General Delvoie and Air Marshal Trafford Leigh-Mallory, the newly-appointed C.-in-C., Fighter Command.

General Catroux's gorgeous kepi was a reminder of a humorous riotous in the West Country. A distinguished Fighting French soldier, walking in uniform down the street of a prosperous market town, was amused to see two small urchins following him, staring most interestedly at his kepi. He thought they were lost in admiration, but as he slowed down to let them have a good look at it, they passed. "Flashy, I calls it," one urchin remarked with a sniff.

Bright Spots

ADMIRAL SIR JAMES SOMERVILLE evidently likes the gay, friendly atmosphere of the Viking Bar. During his recent visit to London he lunched there daily with Lady Somerville. Major Challoner, who recently got a Bar to his M.C., and who talked to the King for an hour about his exploits in escaping from a German prison camp, was another there; so was Mrs. Sue Weldon, looking very beautiful, quite recovered from her illness and lunching with her equally good-looking sister, Lady Warwick. Others seen in and about the hotel have included Lord and Lady Minto, Sir Henry and Lady Havelock-Allan, Lady Claud Hamilton, sister-in-law of the Duke of Abercorn, who is now a Major in the A.T.S., and the Countess of Carlisle, also in uniform.

Thanks from Mrs. Roosevelt

CHOES of Mrs. Roosevelt's visits here continue to penetrate around. She has sent a message of thanks and congratulation to Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode (who is the chairman of the Joint Committee of the British Red Cross and St. John Associations) for what she has seen of Red Cross work. It refers particularly to Mrs. Roosevelt's visit to Cambridge when she saw the Flying Squad at Arrington village. Mrs. Lee Warner, the vice-president for the Borough of Cambridge, did all the work for that county in getting together the whole personnel when war started. Lady Spens is president, and she was delighted to think that this was the only Red Cross organisation that the President's wife saw in all England. Mrs. Lee Warner is very well known in Cambridge, and is a descendant of the Marquess Cornwallis, of Indian and American fame. Her husband, Major Lee Warner, is county director and Controller of the B.R.C., and he is a direct descendant of the seventeenth-century Bishop John Warner, of Rochester.



Gifts from the Argentine

Senor Dr. Don Miguel Carcano, the Argentine Ambassador, and his wife recently visited the W.V.S. Clothing Distribution Centre in Eaton Square, and saw some of the gifts sent by the people of the Argentine for British children. On the left is Mrs. Cummings, W.V.S., and Lady Trusted is on the right

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

increasing selfish largeness of his designs, were—as Mr. Bryant shows—for England the final unifying factor. At the outset the war had been ideological—the first (apart from the Crusades) of ideological wars. There had remained, therefore, dissentients to it here. With Napoleon, the flame of the Revolutionary idea could be seen to subside from the French cause: acquisitiveness, imperialism, succeeded. This brought England—even the nascent Left wing—down, in feeling, to the elementary national brass tacks. By 1802, the country was one at heart. Even before the unsatisfactory Amiens, the British Lion had shown he could go all out.

Mr. Bryant's accounts of campaigns, and of naval engagements, are admirably clear. His portraits are up to his standard as a biographer. *The Years of Endurance* will be enjoyed, discussed, and, if here and there quarrelled with, all the better!

Into Battle

IN *Army Without Banners* (Collins; 7s. 6d.), Miss Ann Stafford has transcribed into rather formless, but pleasing, novel form what I take to be her own experiences as an A.R.P. ambulance-driver during the late autumn of 1940 and spring of 1941 London Blitz. Her heroine, Mildred Gibson, who tells the story, is, in her own way, something of a creation—fat at forty-one, a bit of a miff and (I thought) unnecessarily despondent. Surely few of Mildred's contemporaries would regard themselves as back numbers at forty-one? To Milly—snug in her Home County country cottage, filling her days with village wartime activities, her evenings with musing and winding wool, and her thoughts with her husband and one son, both away with the Forces—comes, one fine day in October, her cousin Daphne's disturbing letter, written from the heart of the London Blitz. Daphne's station is short of drivers—what about Mildred (who is a good driver) coming, to play her part? "Only perhaps," adds Daphne, "you'd better not. Not at your age—and you were always the nervous one."

The spritely Daphne herself is a grandmother—so can one wonder Mildred takes up the challenge? Or that, shortly, we find her installed in Daphne's house, together with Belinda (who drives a mobile canteen), Mrs. Dove, the factotum, and a shadowy, shifting number of refugees blitzed out of buildings around? Having passed her ambulance driving-test, Mildred signs on at the Station, and, with admitted nervousness, waits for her first call. Need one say, also, that she turns up trumps?—that is, in everyone's view but her own, for to Mildred, Mildred is never a heroine.

Mildred Gibson's eye for her own ridiculousness, and her good-natured but quite unflinching eye for the harmless ridiculousness of other people, make her not unlike our by now long-standing friend, "The Provincial Lady." She is, however, more serious and at times considerably more sentimental than Miss E. M. Delafiel's heroine: her seriousness, in itself, is becoming, for she writes of grim, sometimes tragic and generally stirring things. The camaraderie of women working together, and, together, facing danger and strain is well drawn. Miss Stafford (speaking through Mildred) confirms my own feeling that women are at their best in outrageous emergencies. We are better, in fact, at doing more than we can than at doing just what we ought. . . . The chronology of the raids seems a little vague—at least, it conflicts with my own London memories. She only speaks, for instance, of one big spring raid—there were three: March, April and May. And her London topography is almost too discreet.

Tonic

"SHAKE THE BOTTLE," by W. Buchanan-Taylor (Heath Cranton; 12s. 6d.), offers fine entertainment, plus pithy writing and sound sense. Mr. Buchanan-Taylor ("Bucky" to his friends) has seen much of the world, and of every manner of man, since, at the age of fifteen, he took up his first post, on a Manchester paper. His flair for a good story, his pleasure in telling one and his equable knowledge of human nature, stand out on every page.

Journalism, racing, boxing, Hollywood, the theatre and big business—all provide portraits for his varied gallery. Stars and crooks, a barber-hangman, Siamese twins, performing horses, hard-boiled bar types, tramp steamers, a tattooist, a number of beauties, Crippen, Houdini, W. C. Fields, Joe Beckett, Isadora Duncan—all these and many other personalities figure. Of characteristic anecdote there is a rare command. Good times were had by many, if not all. Tonic reading for these days.

Horses

"A. J. MUNNINGS, R.A.: PICTURES OF HORSES AND ENGLISH LIFE" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 55s.) has been beautifully produced by its publishers. This—a book you will surely wish to possess—opens with an appreciation of Munnings' work by Lionel Lindsay. There are twenty coloured plates and 124 half-tone reproductions. The fame of Munnings as a portraitist of horses is already too wide to need any word from me. Seeing his work in this collection does, however, give one the opportunity to realise its qualities.

The feeling for landscape struck me particularly—is this (one thinks of Constable and of Cotman) a specially East Anglian gift? Also, in each living creature that he portrays—be it horse or hound, gipsy or soldier—Munnings seems to grasp the essential vitality. His impressionistic use of light and shade is delightful. His pictures are, charged with *weather*: he renders the gloom of thunder, the play of sunshine, the glare of snow.



A REAL TREAT

To men who have an appreciation
for fine whisky, a glass of "Black
and White" is always a *real treat*.

"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"



AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Grey-out

IN the land of compromise, where we hail as a triumph of planning a scheme for making the poor less poor and the rich less rich, there should be room for modifications of the black-out. And the suggestion has been made, not only in *The Tatler* but also in numerous other places, for the substitution of a grey-out for the present black-out. It is argued that the German Air Force is busy in foreign parts, and that our air defences have improved so much that even if it did turn back here it would be unable to do a great deal more than it did in the past, and the black-out could be put back if it were found advisable.

This, like most other matters in war, seems to me to be a question of balance. If the black-out were lifted entirely there would be a gain in cheerfulness, an increase in production, an improvement in general health, a decrease in accidents and an acceleration in transport. On the other hand, the German Air Force would receive an additional aid if it were to return to the full-scale attack of this country. Our own night-flying pilots would be helped by a lifting of the black-out to some extent. Who can decide where the balance lies? It is a thing which cuts into the responsibilities of four or five different Ministries, and although we have a Joint Chiefs of Staff Committee, it does not include any representative who could speak on civilian work, production, health and efficiency matters.

Unity of Responsibility

HERE again, then, we find ourselves facing problems which have been faced successively in almost every branch of the war effort; problems dealing with the way to unify responsibility and command. Arguing on the principle of set an airman to catch an airman, I believe that the

Air Ministry would be a far better guide and commander in Civil Defence than the Ministry of Home Security. It is inevitably better informed of bombing powers and possibilities.

Consequently, I would not accept it that a grey-out in place of the black-out were advisable unless the Air Ministry approved (it would not matter what the Ministry of Home Security thought). Now the Air Ministry does not yet approve. Consequently, although I appreciate the advantages of lifting the black-out, I am not prepared to advocate that change just yet.

Conflict

WIDER issues are involved than that concerning the black-out when the need for unity of responsibility and command is considered. There is, for instance, that fine book *Front Line* 1940-41. It is an account of the ground side of the blitz, and an extraordinarily moving one, with some of the finest photographs I have ever seen. But it does lead to some confusion of thought about bombing—confusion which affects the whole of our strategical bombing programme. For on one side we are told by the Air Ministry how factories are knocked out by our raids. We are shown photographs to prove it, and we are told what is the equivalent in armoured divisions denied the Germans by these hits on enemy factories.

Yet in this Ministry of Home Security book the other side of the picture is given. Here we see our own factories hit by enemy bombs; we are given photographs of them in a state of chaos, and then we are told that they were working at full pressure a few days afterwards. No doubt this conflict is unintentional. The Air Ministry wants to show how effective air bombing is in damaging war factories; the Ministry of Home Security wants to show how ineffective it is. The result, when each Ministry is allowed to talk to the public without consulting the other, is inevitably conflict.

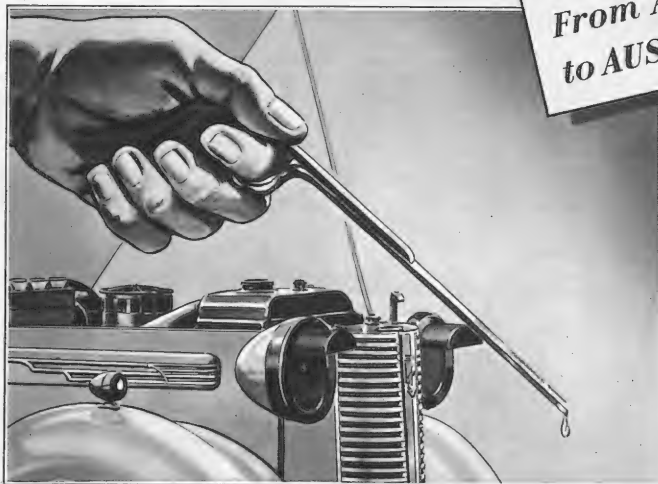


At a Recent Investiture

Flight Lieut. H. G. Pockley, of Sydney, Australia, was amongst those members of the Royal Australian Air Force who recently went to Buckingham Palace to be decorated by the King. He was awarded a Bar to his D.F.C. With him is Miss M. Murdoch, W.A.A.F.

Jolting Ford

MR. HENRY FORD made some remarks about the large-scale production of aircraft. I think he began by saying that if he were given the chance he would turn out 1000 heavy bombers a day. That was a good long time ago—a time when our own efforts in this country may have seemed to Mr. Ford to be puny. Then the great Willow Run plant was laid down, and on reconsideration the Ford figure for production of the Liberator bomber was twenty-four a day—a rather marked drop from 1000. Now the report comes through that the one-bomber-an-hour-rate will not be reached until the latter part of next year. No one would wish to under-estimate the magnitude of the Ford achievement. Mr. Sorenson's accounts of what has been done at this gigantic plant take the breath away. But it is right that it should be finally recognised that aircraft production is rather more difficult than motor-car production and that even a genius of Mr. Ford's calibre finds it so.



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

There will be small parties for the little people during the ensuing weeks and mothers are now contemplating frocks to wear on these occasions. Nevertheless they must be of such a character that they may be worn throughout the day later on. Finnigans, New Bond Street, are specialising in these. Colour contrasts play a very important part. The one illustrated has the waistcoat panel front in a deep red shade, the remainder of the dress being of an elusive grey nuance. The entire scheme is carried out in a woolly material. Furthermore they are specialising in skirts of a non-committal character with which may be worn various jumpers, twin sets or cardigans. It is pleasant news, too, that the needs of the older woman have been carefully considered as well as those who are not as slender as they would wish to be



There is really no more satisfactory material for the playtime and party fashions for children than Viyella. Those pictured are made of it. The little boy above has knickers of blue spotted Viyella, the blouse being white. The little girl with the paint-box and brush is wearing a dress trimmed with pin tucks. It looks equally well carried out either in floral nursery Viyella or Dayella. As a matter of fact there are few members of the Viyella family in which it would not be effective. The frock on the right is for a rather older girl and will wash and wear everlastingly. As will be seen it has patch pockets and unpressed pleats all round the skirt. Anyone wishing for further particulars of these simple and delightful frocks must write to Viyella, 36 Old Change, London, E.C., who will be pleased to answer any inquiries



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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A YOUTH with a very large mouth walked into a music shop to buy a mouth-organ. He was shown every make of mouth-organ in the shop, but still was not satisfied.

"Look here," said the assistant, "we shall have to measure you for one. Just try your mouth along this piano."

A DOCTOR, an architect, and a civil servant were arguing which of them belonged to the oldest profession.

The doctor's claim that a member of his profession must have been present at Adam's major operation was countered by the architect. He pointed out that the world was created out of chaos, and where there is creation there must also be an architect.

"Ah!" said the civil servant, "but where there is chaos there must always be a civil servant."

THE wedding present difficulty had resolved itself into the usual silver dish for the table.

"What shall I put on the card?" she asked her husband. "It's not as though we knew them very well." "Oh," he grunted, without looking up from his paper, "put on it 'For butter or worse.'"

A LADY, having looked in vain for a certain kind of notebook in the big stores of pre-war Hong Kong, happened upon a tiny, grimy stationer's shop. Entering, she asked the owner: "Have got notebook? All little hole along topside?"

The reply, given in cultured accents, was: "I have several notebooks, madam, of different sizes, with perforated pages."



Screen Personalities in London

Miss Anna Neagle has recently returned to this country from Hollywood. She is to star in a new film-thriller called "Assignment In Halifax" which is to be made with the co-operation of the Royal Canadian Navy. With her is producer Herbert Wilcox. Miss Neagle and Mr. Wilcox have just completed a tour of Canada raising money for the Air Cadet League of Canada.

THE minister in the Highland hamlet had no more ardent admirer than old Jean. As he thundered forth denunciations of the sins of immorality, lying, drunkenness, her amens were heartfelt.

One day he turned his attention to a habit among the elder women of pipe-smoking.

Old Jean left the meeting, clutching her pipe firmly: "I can't do with preachers when they stop preaching and start meddling," she said.

THE sergeant looked as if he was about to blow up at any moment. Drawing a very deep breath, he shouted at the particularly raw recruit.

"Look here!" he screamed, "I can bear it when you turn to the right when I say left; I can bear it when you turn up on parade with half your tunic buttons undone; I don't even mind very much when you drop your rifle, but—"

He glared for a moment at the cowering culprit and added:

"But, for the love of Mike, will you stop saying: 'Sorry, my dear.'"

THE new recruit to the WAAF was wandering round the balloon site looking very worried. Presently an officer noticed her.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I've lost a spanner, sir," she replied dolefully.

"Nonsense," he snorted, "you can't lose a thing like a spanner."

"Can't I? Ten minutes ago I lost a ruddy balloon as well!"

"DADDY, daddy, why—?"

For the twentieth time the shrill, treble voice broke in on the weary father, and it was once too often.

"Look here," he said, "have you ever heard of the little boy who asked so many questions that he turned into a question-mark?"

The youngster thought that one over for a few moments. Then:

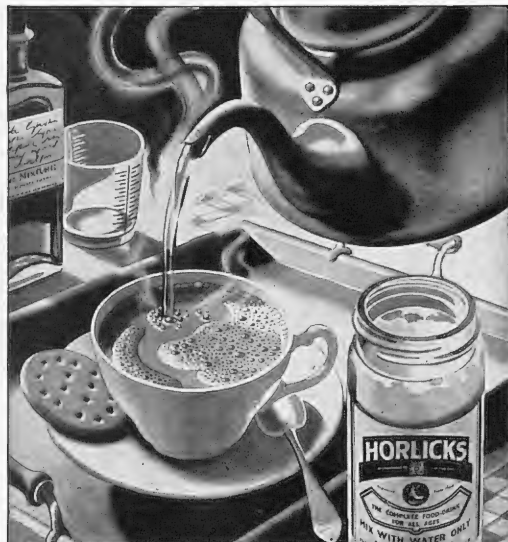
"But, daddy," he burst out, "how did he manage to keep the dot under himself?"

A N old Irishwoman was noted for the way in which she counted her blessings. The priest called on her.

"And how are you today, Bridget?" he asked.

"I'm bad enough, father," she replied. "I've the pain in me arms and the pain in me legs. And I've only two teeth in the whole of me head; but, thanks be to God, they're opposite."

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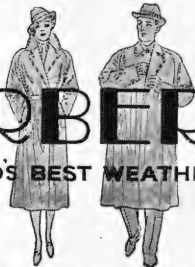
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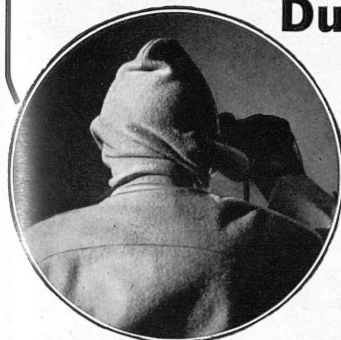
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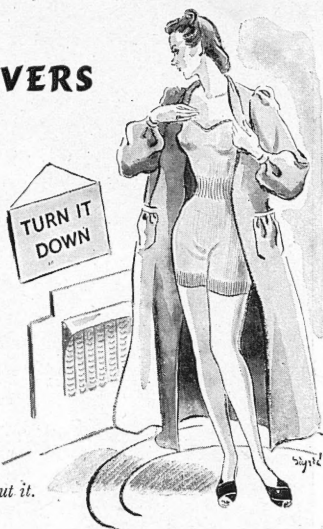
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